

TOWN AND COUNTY

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

All the county news all the time in the Enterprise for \$1 per year.

Presiding Elder L. D. Hamilton will preach here Sunday morning and at night, holding quarterly conference Monday.

Cards are out announcing the marriage on Feb. 3 of Miss Grace Dexter Brown, of the Walnut Grove neighborhood, to Mr. James Herschel Grogan, of the Ruthville neighborhood. Both are prominent young people.

Bob Taylor was here Friday calling on the meat trade in a brand-new auto, a gift to him from his firm, the Krey Packing Co., St. Louis, in recognition of his excellent services rendered last year in selling meats.

Sometime ago, in conversation with a minister of the gospel, we learned that it is a very rare thing for a minister to receive payment for services rendered in conducting funerals. On the other hand, preachers are nearly always paid for performing marriage ceremonies.—McKenzie Banner.

Mr. T. W. C. Morgan, lecturer for the order of Rural Builders, will deliver a lecture in the I. O. O. F. hall in Dresden on tomorrow (Saturday) night, to which all Odd Fellows are invited. This grand order, organized at Sidonia in May, 1913, is growing and expanding like the green may tree, and Mr. Morgan hopes to institute a lodge in Dresden.

Mr. James Moran informs us that he attended a meeting and banquet of the Overland automobile salesmen in Memphis last Friday and Friday night, there being a very large delegation of the salesmen and some of the principal officers of the company present. It was learned at this meeting that already 22,000 Overlands have been sold and delivered during the 1914 season, while orders have been booked to date for 40,000 more. He tells us the manufacturers are making wonderful and gigantic strides and will endeavor to take care of every order placed this year.

Consumption Takes 350 People Every Day

in the United States and the surprising truth is that most cases are preventable with timely, intelligent treatment.

These appalling facts should warn us that after sickness, colds, overwork or any other drains upon strength, Scott's Emulsion should be promptly and regularly used because tubercular germs thrive only in a weakened system.

The tested and proven value of Scott's Emulsion is recognized by the greatest specialists because its medical nourishment assimilates quickly to build healthy tissue; aids in the development of active, life-sustaining blood corpuscles; strengthens the lungs and builds physical force without reaction. Scott's Emulsion is used in tuberculosis camps because of its rare body-building, blood-making properties and because it contains no alcohol or habit-forming drug. Be sure to insist on Scott's.

A word from you will help some neighbor or friend to get all the county news all the time through the Enterprise for \$1.00. Ask your neighbor if he don't want this paper.

Uncle Sam Darnell, the popular one-armed Confederate veteran, informs us that on next Thursday, Feb. 5, he will be seventy-eight years old. He is hale and hearty for one of his advanced years and has a war record that he is justly proud of, having followed the dauntless Forrest during the bloody conflict. Uncle Sam no more minds walking from his home to Dresden, a distance of three miles, than a ten-year-old boy would.

Be sure to send us your orders for receipt books. 13-t f.

Obituary.

On November 27, the death angel visited the home of Mrs. M. B. Alexander and claimed for its victim the loving companion and father, M. B. Alexander. He was born Jan. 20, 1840, and died Nov. 27, 1913; age seventy-three years, ten months and seven days.

He professed faith in Christ when young and united with the Missionary Baptist church, in which he lived a faithful member until death. He leaves a companion, eleven children, four brothers, five sisters and other relatives and friends to mourn his death. It was sad to give him up, but the Lord knew best. He had suffered for years with kidney trouble, and had not been able to be up but very little for six months. He bore his afflictions without a murmur until the Lord called him home.

Dear mother, brothers and sisters, I don't feel that father could have left us a greater inheritance than that noble, true christian life, so willing to sacrifice for others. All through life his troubles and trials were never so great that he couldn't say "The Lord worketh all things together for good to those who love Him."

Mother, I know you miss him. There is a vacant place no one can fill. We all will miss him so much when we go home. We will listen for our father's tender voice that always bid us welcome, but, alas! it is stilled.

I dreamed a few night ago of going home; thought I entered the gate, walked on to the porch and father was sitting there and looked so well. We embraced each other, and he went on with me into the room where the rest of the family were and we were all rejoicing when I awoke. It was only a disappointment, such as comes so often in this life, but I believe when I see father again this will be true. When I pass through the pearly gates I will meet him and he will be well and will embrace his child and he will go on with me and there we will meet our blessed Saviour and all our loved ones and rejoice forever.

I am sure we cannot help grieving for our companion and father, but not as those that are without hope. I know what I say. Father's life will not benefit him any, nor would he care for any praise if he were living; that wasn't his nature, he was very quiet, always thinking before acting, using good judgment, knowing he was right, then going on. I am praying that the Lord will impress the necessity of living this high and noble christian life on every one that reads these few lines. Funeral services were conducted at the home by his pastor, Rev. G. T. Mayo, of Dresden, and Rev. Thomas, of Martin, after which his remains were tenderly laid to rest at the East Side cemetery.

His loving daughter, Mrs. P. C. MADDOX.

OUR WEEKLY HONOR ROLL

NEW	
J W Myrick	Senath Mo
H H Oliver	Gleason
G H Vaughan	"
T E Shankie	"
J W Myrick	"
L S Radford	Fulton
C R Dildine	Dresden
H Evans	"
J B Brundige	"
A C Fowler	"
H W Jones	"
Tobe Denning	"
C E Sandefer	"
W B Stewart	"
Jim Marcum	Sharon
Mrs Mary Taylor	"
A G Campbell	Greenfield
Dr E M Everett	McKenzie
R H Crews	"
Dave McDonald	"
R R Hays	Cottage Grove

RENEWALS.	
N E Terrell	Sharon
Mrs W A Lackey	"
John Erwin	"
J P Rogers	"
H M Adams	"
G B Campbell	"
Green Stoker	Dresden
W D Brasfield	"
Basil Crawford	"
J F Taylor	"
E U Pinkston	"
B D Irvine	"
G T Blacknall	"
J P Blacknall	"
J B Kimery	Greenfield
T B Jones	"
L C Brasfield	"
J C Dunlap	"
E W Jeter	"
S B Edmondson	"
G R Sims	Martin
G P Duke	Austin/Tex
Miss Agnes Duke	Houston Tex
A G Brummitt	Brummitt Ark
C A Moore	Gleason
J D Stalcup	"
I S Fowler	"
D A Bowers	"
C R Evans	"
W Y Brummitt	"
J L Summers	"
G H Shanklin	Dukedom
W I Fields	"
D D Carr	"
D W Harkey	Comanche Okla
H V Martin	"
N B Miller	McKenzie
Ed Lemonds	"
A J Felts	"
Mrs M W Perry	Bellevue Ky
Howard Felts	Pinion N M
Mrs Ludie Tansil	Rives

THAT BURSTING HEAD.

Probably is the Result of an Inactive Liver.

Too frequently one forgets his liver and then he must pay the penalty in the form of headaches, indigestion, constipation and other symptoms. When this occurs, you must go back and help nature eliminate the accumulated poisons, cleanse the system of bile and the results will quickly disappear.

Grigsby's Liv-ver-Lax is rapidly displacing the use of calomel in this section, not only because it does the work more effectively than calomel, but because it is easy to take and has no disagreeable after effects.

Get a 50c or \$1.00 bottle of this wonder remedy from your druggist to-day. It is sold only under guarantee. Every bottle bears the likeness of L K Grigsby, who guarantees it through R. Bobbitt. adv.

Lost, a red barrow, with black spots, weight about thirty-five or forty pounds.—Ben Ford, Dresden, route 2. Rural 'phone 16-5. 44-2t

Must Supply Nation With Cattle.

A special from Washington says: The declaration that "The South for a long period is to be the country's principal source of cheap beef," is made in a statement submitted to the house committee on agriculture by George M. Rommel, chief of the animal husbandry division of the department of agriculture. No northern farmer or any other farmer, asserted Mr. Rommel, "can raise beef at less than five cents a pound, but we have been and are doing that in Alabama. If the northern feeder is raising beef right on his farm he must get more than five cents a pound.

A MEMORABLE TREAT



HE colonel sat comfortably in his chair and gazed dreamily through a hazy cloud of Havana at the Christmas crowd.

"Ha-ha! colonel. At last I've found you looking sad!" And a friend who had come up from behind and slapped him affectionately on the shoulder pulled a big chair alongside and sat down. The colonel leaned farther back in the enveloping leather and a volley of expanding rings poured from beneath the carefully trimmed white mustache.

"That," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the throngs, "set me to thinking of how in my country school-days we big, bad boys sometimes locked the teacher out to make him give us a Christmas treat. At the precise moment you soaked me on the shoulder I was thinking of the time we locked out our teacher. We notified him a week beforehand that we expected him to give us a nice, substantial treat when school 'let out,' as we said, on Christmas eve. He had been a good-natured fellow and had succeeded in keeping on good terms with us scamps in spite of us, so as we wanted, for the reason, to let him off as easily as possible we specified only a box of oranges and a box of candy.

"I'll think about it," he said, laughing, and we supposed it was as good as agreed to.

"So when on the morning of Christmas Eve day Mr. Teacher arrived without anything that possibly could contain a treat, we were hurt—doubly hurt to think that a supposed friend would treat us so. We silently waited till the noon hour, and when lunch-eons had been hurriedly gulped, two of us were detailed to get him away from the school house on some pretext or other. They succeeded, but he didn't stay long, as it was a cold day and there was snow. When he found the door locked he rattled the knob and called:

"Open the door, please! It is I, Mr. G—!"

"Sorry," one of the boys replied through the keyhole, "but you'll have to give us a Christmas treat before we let you in."

"Come, boys, come," he said sternly. "It is too cold for joking. Let me in at once!"

"We're not joking; we yelled back. 'We want a treat. Go to the store and get a big box of oranges and a big box of candy and have them here for us this afternoon, and we'll open the door. Or, if you'll promise on your word of honor, we'll let you in.'"

"For answer he pounded on the door and thundered:

"Boys, I order you to open this door! Will you obey me?"

"Treat!" was our ultimatum.

Followed several minutes of silence and suspense, then he called to us:

"Well, boys, I suppose the besieger instead of the besieged will have to surrender. You may open the door. I will treat."

"The door was opened slowly, cautiously, for we were doubtful, almost distrustful, but he was milling.

"It is all right, boys," he assured us. "I have promised. We might as well close now till after the New Year's holiday. While I am going for the treat I want you all to get your books ready so I can lock the school house. I hope to be back with your treat within an hour."

"Then he started in a brisk walk toward a little country town about three miles away.

"It was a few minutes after two o'clock when a bobbed, drawn by a big, iron-gray horse, gay with sleigh-bells, glided up before the schoolhouse door. Mr. Teacher, looking as pleasant as any of us, jumped out and said:

"Here you are! I am going to leave you to yourselves to enjoy your treat," he explained, as he hastily fastened the window shutters and shut up the stove. He then locked the door and put the key in his pocket. By that time the boys had unloaded the boxes, and Mr. G— at once resumed his seat on the sled.

"Merry Christmas to all!" he shouted.

"The same to you!" we chorused. "We immediately assailed the boxes. The lid came off the box marked oranges first, and one was grabbed and the tissue wrapping removed. Then there was a wild yell—'Potatoes! Nothing but old potatoes!'

"We glanced sheepishly at the big girls who were holding their breath. In a tremor of dread we took the top off the box labeled candy. Oh, utterly shattered hopes! The box was full of nice white candles!"

The ample shoulders and girth of the colonel's friend shook freely.

"Um," he said. "He was some teacher."

"You bet," agreed the colonel. "If we boys had had money enough I think we'd have come pretty near to buying him a gold watch."—Detroit Free Press.

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AN ETHICAL DRUG STORE! We Try TO conduct a strictly Ethical Drug Store. We do not recommend patent medicines, but advise you to consult a physician. So many times a physician is asked, "Where shall I take my prescription?" If you want just what your prescription calls for, Quick Service as well as High-grade drugs, REMEMBER W. R. BOBBITT DRESDEN, TENNESSEE

Big Profit Made in Stock Peas.

Barham, Sons & Butler, a business firm of Milan, sold a farmer three pecks of stock peas for \$3 and this fall bought his crop for \$350. Altogether the firm has bought this fall \$8,000 worth of peas for shipment to other markets. Capt. W. H. Coley of the pension department, who lives at Milan, is authority for the statement, and he says the farmers of West Tennessee are learning that peas is a more profitable crop than cotton.

This is the time of year you want to read. Let us send you the Enterprise and Home and Farm one year for only \$1.25; the Enterprise and Commercial Appeal for \$1.25; the Enterprise and Daily Tennessean for \$3.00; the Enterprise and Daily Banner for \$3.75. tf.

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Notice.

All parties holding claims against the estate of M. B. Alexander, deceased, are hereby requested to file same with either of the undersigned, properly authenticated, at once, and those owing said estate are requested to make immediate settlement with us.

L. D. ALEXANDER, Cottage Grove. L. L. ALEXANDER, 42-4t Covington, Tenn.

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